

A Man Built of Sentiment

(Original.)

"Oh, Joe," said Jeannette to her fiancé, "what do you think I received by express today?"

"What?"

"A glass bottle picked up on the coast near Atlantic City containing a message."

"Big storm? Shipwreck? Vessel sinking? We are all lost?"

"More than that. I've had a lover I didn't know of. Read it." And she handed him a bit of paper on which were scrawled her full name and address and—

In a few minutes this vessel will carry me all to a watery grave. I wish you to know that there has been one who has loved you, loved you devotedly. But he will die as he has lived without revealing himself to you. Farewell.

"Well," said Joe after reading the message, "do you suppose it's genuine?"

"Something tells me it is."

"What?"

"I feel—I somehow it seems to me that had this man wooed me we would have—"

"Would have?"

"What a noble, good man he must have been to love me at a distance!"

"Noble, good man, eh? To love you at a distance? Will you kindly explain?"

"Why, there must have been some reason why he couldn't declare himself. His great heart bore the load without permitting me to share it."

"Then why didn't he keep on bearing it without mixing you up in this way?"

"He knew a woman's nature. I wish you knew it as well. A woman receives her greatest compliment in the love of a good man."

"You mean a noble, good man. Don't have out the noble."

"This man must have been a noble, good, self-sacrificing man."

"Where does the self sacrifice come in?"

"Why, if he had told me of his love I would have loved him. We couldn't marry and—"

"How do you know you couldn't?"

"Why, what other reason would there be for his not?"

"Lots of 'em. The chances are he was beneath you, probably some cab driver who once drove you somewhere or—"

"Joseph!"

"More likely a common sailor, with his arms and breast tattooed with anchors."

"You are simply showing your envy of one who was doubtless your superior."

"At any rate, I'd have more sense than to keep my love a secret till a few minutes before I was to be launched for kingdom come."

"You haven't that nobility of soul to understand this man's nature. He would not speak till what he said would not make me suffer—till it would be only sweet for a woman to hear."

"Nobility of soul, eh? I haven't nobility of soul. And this man—how do you know he had a soul at all? How do you know he isn't a myth? Somebody may have been playing a joke on you."

"One who would play such a joke would have as little soul as the myth he created."

Joseph looked sorely troubled.

"It seems to me," he said presently, "that a rival has sprung up—a bloodless, spiritual, heavenly, noble, good, unselfish—"

"Heroic!"

"Heroic. Any more?"

"Why do you sneer at him?"

"I'm not sneering at him. He's simply a manufactured man, one who has been built up out of pure sentiment, with sentimental arms, legs, head, hands."

"Who created him? Not I! I never heard of him till I received his only and last message."

"At any rate, he has replaced me. I'm going to say farewell. I'm going to give way to your ideal hero."

"You should strive to be like him."

"Like him! Do you suppose I'd wish to be like a man of tissue paper, with nothing inside of him but gas? He isn't even gas. He's a vacuum."

"There's no substance in the angels."

"There are different kinds of angels."

"I do believe you hate him."

"I hate him! I'm perfectly indifferent to him, confound him!"

The girl burst into a merry laugh. She laughed for five minutes, holding her sides, then tried to say something, but she was interrupted by another involuntary peep of laughter. Finally she controlled herself sufficiently to say:

"Joe, this is—"

"It's certainly no laughing matter."

"Yes, it is, stupid."

"Stupid! It's well that a stupid man should give way to a little tin god."

"Joe, the next time you send me a message from the dead do have sense enough to write it on paper that I won't recognize as your own."

The expression of mingled fierceness and misery on Joe's face gradually faded away and gave place to one of shamefacedness and relief.

"Did you recognize the paper?" he asked.

"How could I help it since I've a ton of it upstairs?"

"And the writing?"

"Scarcely at all disguised. I knew it in a minute. How came you to do such a thing?"

"Well, Charlie Baker said that a girl would fall in love with a man made of sentiment rather than with one

or dead and blood. I thought I'd say to you. I won't try it again. You pretty nearly scared me to death."

IRENE C. ADAMS.

Prof. H. A. Howell, of Havana, Cuba, Recommends Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"As long ago as I can remember my mother was a faithful user and friend of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, but never in my life have I realized its true value until now," writes Prof. H. A. Howell, of Howell's American School, Havana, Cuba. "On the night of February 3rd our baby was taken sick with a very severe cold, the next day was worse and the following night his condition was desperate. He could not lie down and it was necessary to have him in the arms every moment. Even then his breathing was difficult. I did not think he would live until morning. At last I thought of my mother's remedy, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which we gave, and it afforded prompt relief, and now, three days later, he has fully recovered. Under the circumstances I would not hesitate a moment in saying that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and that only, saved the life of our dear little boy." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

THE SHIPS OF TYRE.

Types of These Vessels Still in Use in the Far East.

Away back, even when Solomon was king in Israel, the ships of Tyre, manned by brave Phoenician sailors, went through the prehistoric canal where the Suez channel is now and navigated from China clear around to England.

Their ships were the models for Greece and Rome and later for Venice, the Spaniards and the Portuguese. Only the Englishman improved on shipbuilding, and from him all modern models have dated.

In the old Tyre models the waist of the ship was low, so the oars could get good play on the surface of the ocean, and the sterns were lofty, so as to give room for stowing cargoes and to provide dry quarters for the upper mariners.

As wind power came into use the waist grew higher and the poop deck disappeared. Step by step from galley to caravel, from caravel to frigate, the British shipwrights improved on the ships of Tyre.

But in the far east the models have remained much the same, and the ship makers of Persia and India have stuck to the old Tyrian models to the present day.

Today their high square sterns recall the ships of Columbus. The mariners still have to get out of sight of land and steer by stars and the feel of the wind on cloudy nights. They sail around Trinidad and carry pilgrims to Mecca.

These vessels, on which the queen of Sheba might have traveled to visit Solomon, are used by native Hindus, Arabs and by the peoples of Indo-China.

On board the captain, his men, the cargoes, pilgrims and sheep, asses and other live stock live in a proximity that would stir an American's stomach to immediate rebellion.—Nashville American.

TRANSFERRED.

Two soldiers both valiant and true. O'Malley served under the old English flag.

McNally, the red, white and blue. The two were alike as peas in a pod. And both hailed from Limerick, on Ireland's old sod.

But one common failing would land them in "quod,"

A peg one to many or few.

O'Malley, the pride of the queen's fusiliers, Was ordered to "Gib" from the highlands—

McNally, a cavalryman, it appears. On a transport en route to the islands. With anchors both down at the "Rock" the same day.

They met just by chance—in the usual way—

And promptly proceeded to squander their pay

On a brand of cold bottles marked "Wellands."

Said Sergeant O'Malley, the gay fusilier, To Sergeant McNally, the Yankee, "Tis the fine inspiration I find in the beer—"

Try another wan?" "Sure I will—thank's."

"The point is just this: Av we aish to change clothes

"Tis a bob to a tanner no wim iver knows!"

"Phat a broth av a joke," said McNally; "It goes,

Although be th' shift ye will rank me."

McNally awoke in the fortress next day In the clothes that O'Malley was wearing;

O'Malley was far on the way to Cathay In the brig of a transport, bemoaning. Explanations erratic did nothing avail—

The rank only smiled when they heard the wild tale.

"Sure there's wan consolation—McNally's in jail."

Said O'Malley by way of atoning.

Now, Terrence McNally bethought him at last

And wrote a brief line to O'Malley: "Av ye anny respect for th' days av th' past?"

Be a soldier—an' stand to the tally." McNally, they say, made a fine fusilier. While O'Malley stood fast by our flag over here.

'Tis a tale that is told when there's plenty of cheer, And the truth? You may question O'Malley.

—Army and Navy Life.

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Portland	12:00 p.m.	Astoria	12:15 p.m.
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Portland	6:00 p.m.	Astoria	6:15 p.m.
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